

"Artists' Studios"

Intimate Secrets of Studio Life Revealed
 Versatile, Most Famous of American
 Have Inspired Thousands of Modern
 Masterpieces of Sculpture and Painting

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stand was
 d for Lady
 stance to
 against. She held her leg outward in approximately
 position of the dance. The Prince moulded his clay
 sketch of the figure thus posed. This took several
 When he had completed his rough sketch he then
 her dance for hours at a time every day, going
 through the preliminary movements to the position he
 ht to catch over and over again, each time trying to
 with his eye some new strain of a muscle, a new
 of the toes, the exact tension of the tendon of Achilles,
 is only brought into action when the heel is thrown
 and the thigh muscles accordingly drawn. No sculptor
 ever had attempted such a study before.
 If the Prince had been doing Lady Constance into a
 Venus or a Siren he would not have wished to
 with muscles and tendons at play, he would have
 ded rounded, curved flesh only, with the muscles at
 But a dancer is a thing of muscles and tendons, of
 tightly drawn flesh lines, of firm thighs and calves
 symbol of motion.
 At last the statue was completed. Lady Constance in
 ze looked as if a miracle suddenly had transfigured her
 he flesh in the most difficult part of her dance—a
 ing conception, beautifully done, pure in its outlines,
 ate in its suggestion of grace, youth, vivacity and
 fied strength. No statue of recent years created
 a furor. Whatever Lady Constance had lost in
 ity as a dancer in scanty clothing, she regained as
 model and the inspiration for "The Dancer." She
 the statue back to England with her. There it at-
 tained the same attention it drew over here, and is gener-
 ally admitted to be the world's foremost piece of "ar-
 ted motion" in statuary. Millions of replicas of it
 sold for the benefit of war sufferers.
 There are occasions, however, when the sculptor, in
 ing his inspiration into form, wishes to convey some-
 of the fleshly beauty which appeals to the senses.
 at such a time he must, however, avoid the imputa-
 of a purely emotional appeal.
 When Piccirilli conceived his famous "Rain" for the
 position at San Francisco he wished to make his femi-
 figure representative of the sense-soothing quality
 steady, gentle downpour from the heavens. Rain is



A remarkable photograph of Lady Constance Richardson, the titled English dancer, posing for Prince Pierre Troubetskoy, the distinguished Russian sculptor. Note the statue which he is modelling in miniature, and which later he enlarged into his famous "The Dancer."

not delicate, nor dainty, nor does it suggest firm, reserved lines. Rather it suggests fulness, soft curves, beauty that is enticing. Lady Constance, with her slender lines and taut muscles, would not have done for his model; but Mabel Normand, whose figure was similar to the "perfect thirty-six" of the cloak and suit makers, and who might have been a modern Venus, was just the type he wanted.

So Mabel Normand was chosen by Piccirilli for his model. In those days Miss Normand was earning but fifty cents an hour, and, while she was very popular and conscientious as a model, was not used as often as others whose figures were more of the ideal. She had come over from Staten Island to seek a career among the studios, and was struggling hard to keep serviceable shoes on her feet and achieve three meals a day with anything like regularity. Through all her struggles she was bright and cheerful, full of fun, and always prompt and willing to work long hours if an artist was hurried.

Where, in modelling Lady Constance, Prince Troubetskoy wished to avoid any suggestion of flesh, Piccirilli, in doing "Rain," wished to suggest it frankly—almost to exaggerate it. Mabel Normand's body was done in the sketching clay into that of a siren, a beautifully rounded figure that seemed to glow with life and vivacity. She has Spanish blood, and her entire physical personality glows with Latin warmth of impulse and emotion.

But when the figure was completed Piccirilli was not satisfied. He had fixed an impression of voluptuousness—such as he believed a rain storm created—yet the spiritual, the inner expression of noble thought and purpose seemed to be lacking. The face he had modelled seemed too merry. He sent for me, and, destroying the clay sketch of the head and face, made a sketch of my face. Thus his completed statue was made of two models—Miss Normand for the body, me for the face. He professed to find in my features that which he wanted to elevate and purify his statue. When I took the pose he wished he asked me to think of myself as being in a rain storm, saddened by its damp caress because it suggested tears to me, yet held

fast by the inexplicable spell which the rain threw about me. My interpretation of this command is what is pictured on this page in Piccirilli's statue.

The completed work won much favorable comment at San Francisco. The artist's conception was widely discussed, and his interpretation of rain as a siren in body but of noble soul was considered daring but correct.

I do not mean to be understood that Miss Normand was unable to portray to artists the nobler character which the real artists always want to put into their works. Some sculptors found in her face, in the droop of her eyelids or the curves of her mouth features which were especially attractive to them. Her chief asset as a model was her ability to catch the mood of the artist and translate it for him, but it had to be a merry mood. Miss Normand could only "pout" when she should be sad and thoughtful. Her "pout" on the movie screen has earned her a million dollars or so; as a model it cancelled many posing engagements for her.

But in her merriment Miss Normand was typical of those models, many of whom later became famous as movie stars or stage beauties, who frequented the Tenth street studios of which I have spoken—studios occupied by such men as William De Leftwich Dodge, Gutzon Borglum, MacMonnies, Konti, Weinman, Daniel French and Robert Aitken.

There is a famous sculptor, now dead, whose name, through sympathy for his widow, I will not reveal. This artist's wife, who never was reconciled to studio life, was frequently distressed at the thought of her husband using models in scant costumes, or without them altogether. It was often repeated among his friends that the sculptor's greatest difficulty was to persuade his wife an artist could work from a model and think only of his work. There are many artists whose wives have the same failing.

When I posed for him this man always warned me to leave my clothes in a neighbor's studio dressing room, and to make a hasty escape from the studio through a back door, if his wife should appear in the reception hall. I sympathized with the sculptor very deeply. He was



And here is the finished statue "The Dancer" from the very model Prince Troubetskoy is shown making below, with the contours and muscles of "Lady Connie's" dancing equipment of which she is so proud.

a conscientious worker, and few artists ever so completely forgot the feminine presence of their models while at work as he did.

One of his models twice had gone through the experience of being in the studio posing when the wife unexpectedly called upon her husband. Each time she skipped through the rear door of the studio and took refuge in the neighbor's dressing room until recalled. She also never sympathized with the wife, and often declared she "should be taught a lesson." One day she proceeded to do it.

She was posing then for a fountain. The wife had decided, after her husband left home early in the morning, to come into town for an afternoon of shopping. She had met two social acquaintances and had entertained them at lunch at Delmonico's. Proud always of her husband and his work, she delighted her friends by accepting their hint that they would enjoy a casual visit to his studio.

Without telephoning she brought her friends to the studio and entered her husband's reception room. The opening of the outer door tinkled a bell. The sculptor heard his wife's voice. The model, who was in position, heard also. She skipped down from the pedestal and disappeared into the passageway leading to the rear door. The sculptor, a little confused, but well poised, met his wife and her friends smilingly, acknowledged the presentations and began to show the party about the studio, explaining the works in the outer room and then leading the way to the big work room flooded with the precious north light.

The clay sketch of the fountain was taking shape—a beautiful nude girl poised on the brink of a basin, holding a large vase out of which the water was to pour.

"My husband works without models, you know; it is one of his special talents, being able to create such charmingly pretty things without submitting to association with those terrible creatures who appear in the studios before men, without their clothing."

"Oh, that is so splendid!" one of the women responded. "I am sure you must have a great deal more satisfaction in his art than the wives of artists who must continually think of their husbands vis-a-vis with those horrible girls!"

"Yes, indeed," the wife began, her voice expressing her delight at being so well understood, but before she could say more the door leading into the back passage opened, there was a silvery laugh, and the model, as unclothed as when she ran from the studio, confronted the party. While the women gasped and the sculptor swore beneath his breath, the model exclaimed, her eyes twinkling merrily.

"Oh, excuse me! I thought your visitors had gone. I'll go back and wait—and won't you tell them I'm really not a horrible girl—just your regular model?"

One can imagine the scene that followed the closing of the door behind that girl! The wife was too well bred to make a quarrel before her guests, but the looks she must have given her husband might have been knife thrusts. She closed the visit abruptly and departed with her friends.

The model did not have the nerve to wait for him that day, but the next morning she received a telephone call—to come and finish the pose. He scolded her severely, but joined with her in laughing at the episode.

"It was all right," he said. "It taught me a lesson, and my wife, too. She knows now, after an evening of considerably violent discussion, that she will have to trust me with models in the future. It was the only way I could get out of it—plead necessity for my past subterfuges and demand concessions in the future. She hasn't given in yet, but she will, after a few days of thinking it over."

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)